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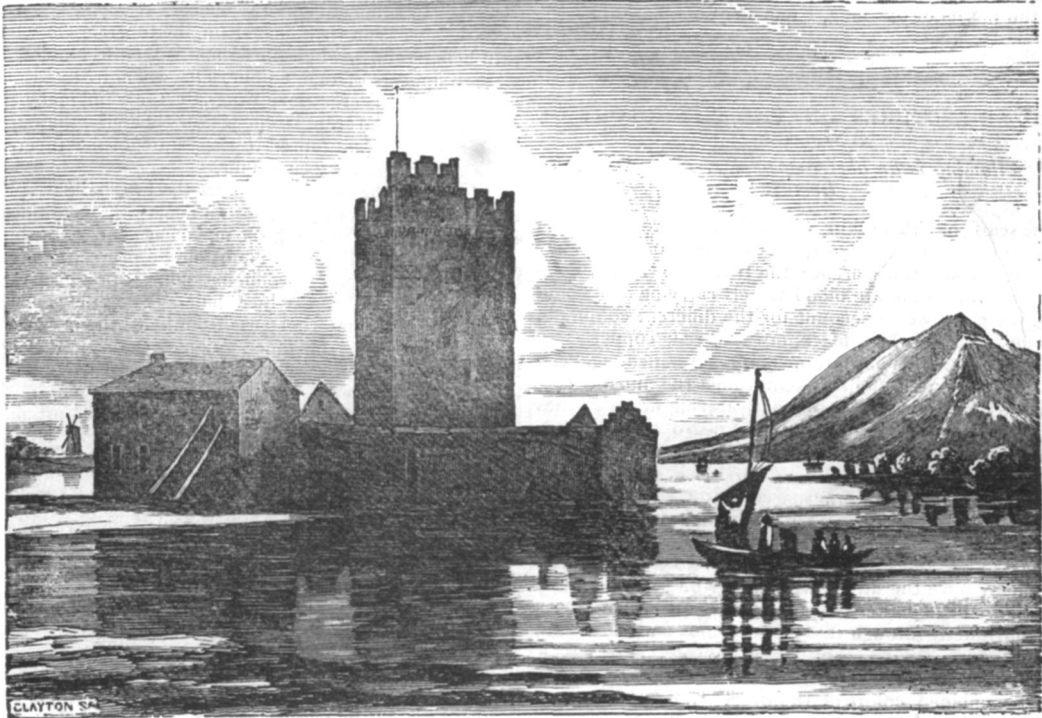
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Sketched by A. Nicholl, Esq.

NARROW WATER CASTLE.

The scenery along the shores of Rostrevor and Carlingford Bay is of the most varied and delightful description. To the 4th and 96th Numbers of our former Journals we must refer the reader for a minute description of some of the more prominent objects along this line of our northern coast. The Castle of Narrow Water, of which the above presents a faithful view, is only interesting as adding much to the effective beauty of the scenery with which it is surrounded. It is situated within about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of Newry, on the Narrow Water river. It was some years ago converted into a salt work, and more recently (since the duty was taken off English salt) into a kennel for a pack of hounds. To the right, in the distance, are the Carlingford mountains; towards the opening of the bay appears the picturesque village of Rostrevor, and to the left the mountains of Mourne. The castle itself is an insignificant building, originally erected to defend the passage across the river, which narrows very much at this particular point.

THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS.

DEAR SIR—The following particulars relative to a more extraordinary occurrence than I have read or heard of in the *natural* world, I published a few years ago in one of the Dublin papers, in the hope of eliciting some remarks as to the cause of so singular a proceeding among animals I had always, till then, considered as the “meekest and mildest” of the animal creation; but not having succeeded in my wish in getting the subject taken up, I am induced to state the case to you, in order, if you should consider the matter worthy of investigation, that for the

VOL. III.—NO. 3.

information of the *unlearned* in this kind of *ology*, you will give it insertion in your entertaining periodical.

Early in the month of April, 1821, during an evening’s walk in the neighbourhood of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, in company with a friend, our attention was arrested by an unusually loud croaking of frogs, which proceeded from a piece of stagnant water, a little distance from the path. The first impulse of our astonishment was communicated by an idea of the vast number which must exist to produce a noise so loud and discordant; but on our proceeding to the spot, our amazement was increased beyond the power of expression, by observing that, in every direction, at the bottom of an extensive pond, were to be seen many hundreds of the little animals dying, or dead; some swollen to a size three or four times their original bulk; and several with a part of their intestines appearing through their perforated bodies. Many hundreds had been killed outright, but by far the greater number were still gasping for life, apparently in the greatest torment. In the midst of this extraordinary scene, we observed numerous masses, coagulated, as it were, into lumps, some of which we drew to land, and with difficulty separated with our walking sticks, and found them to contain, as a common centre, one of their own species, bloated to an inconceivable size, (which, had I not seen, I would not have believed to be possible,) either dead or in a dying state. An evident contention of the most determined and destructive nature had prevailed among these, and lesser masses, as they floated about over the expanse of death and destruction that lay around and beneath them. My friend having suggested the idea of the possibility of its being a contest between frogs and toads,